SPRING NUMBER

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QUOITS.

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PUCK
No. 1777. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

COURTS AND THEIR OWNERS.

To say that one little word sometimes has a significance out of all proportion to its size is to say nothing new. Nevertheless we say it, and apropos of the following editorial extract from the New York *Sun:* "Now that he is in San Quentin prison with a long sentence to serve, RUEF seems a very small and inconsequential figure. Yet he ruled San Francisco despotically for years, owning city legislatures, executives, and courts." The man to whom *The Sun* refers is ABE RUEF, deposed boss of San Francisco and now a convict, and the "one little word" to which *we* refer is the word "courts" in the above quotation. Significance is attached to the word courts in this connection because of *The Sun's* recent attitude on the subject of Arizona's new constitution. Arizona provides in its constitution for the recall of judges, and our esteemed Park Row neighbor gave vent to a solemn warning as to what would surely be the fate of this Republic if the application of the recall to occupants of the bench, after a beginning in Arizona, should spread to other States. And now in the same newspaper we read how Boss RUEF owned the courts of San Francisco, and we cannot help wondering if, in *The Sun's* estimation, the props of the Republic would have tottered and crashed had the people of San Francisco possessed the right constitutionally to recall the RUEF-owned judges who comprised those courts and, possessing it, had exercised it fearlessly or in the "swift-kick" manner. If a boss could own the courts of San Francisco, a boss just as well could own the courts of Arizona, and we don't think the props of the Republic would be in any grave danger if provision were made to prevent him. The principle of the recall, a measure whereby the people of a community may remove a public officer who is false to their interests, is everywhere gaining advocates, particularly in the West, and if it may be applied justly to Mayors and Governors and members of legislative bodies, there is no reason why it may not be as justly applied to judges, most certainly where the office of judge is an elective one. Subservient judges are a very important cog in the politico-privilege machine. *The Sun*, while very touchy on the subject of "the sanctity of the courts," made no reference to sanctity in speaking of ABE RUEF and the courts of 'Frisco at the time RUEF was boss there. We were glad to see, in such an able journalistic champion of judicial sanctity as *The Sun*, a frank admission that a political boss *might* own the courts in his vicinity. And why do bosses own courts? Why do they want to? Because, owning the courts, they are able to render great favors to their friends and patrons, the public-service and other highly-respected and respectable magnates who keep a boss in power so long as he delivers the goods, and reward him with crumbs dropped from their bounteous boards. These gentlemen rarely, if ever, land in jail, but it is for their convenience that bosses exist. *They* are the ones who control the courts where the courts *are* controlled, the boss being at best but a middleman. And *they* are the ones who would be hurt and embarrassed most by the application of the recall. Realizing this, we are not worrying about the props of the Republic, or straining our ears to catch the first split.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

GHOST OF HERNANDO CORTEZ.—Say, Sam, if there 's anything doing in Mexico take me along, will you? I 'd love to get another whack at 'em!

A LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY said the other day that Great Britain would be glad to drop Dreadnought building if Germany only would drop it. The case of the Dreadnoughts is like that of the Park Row comic supplements. The papers, said a representative of one of them, are anxious to drop their comic supplements, but each is waiting for the other to start the dropping.

THE NIGHT SHIFT.

POSITIVE WIFE.—John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea?

NEGATIVE HUSBAND.—So as not to forget how, I suppose. It 's the only chance I get!

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

1676.

KIND READER, mark my truthful tale—
No moral is annexed,
But if you have none handy
We 'll print one in our next.

Two brothers in Rehoboth town,
When Philip's War began,
To show their worth were summoned forth
By the head militia-man.

JOHN charged his gun and his canteen
All ready for to slay;
With Mister Muster-master Green
He boldly marched away.

(But ROBERT sought the barn, unseen,
And hid him in the hay.)

There came a night of gory fight;
Assumpsett Creek ran red!
Oh grisly sight! By morning light
Poor John showed up—shot dead!

So he was done with earthly work;
But Robert lived to be
Poundkeeper, deacon, and town-clerk,
And Ancestor of Me.

John Pearson.

HOW TO AVOID MATRIMONY.

TO AVOID getting married is a very easy matter, either for a man or a woman. If you are a man, frequent the dance, especially the coming-out dance. Stick to the débutante as men of liberal views stick to their opinions. Hang around conservatories when the music is playing soft and low, and where there are intoxicating odors. Hang around summer resorts and attend musical recitals. There are other things to do, but this should be enough.

For a woman to avoid matrimony is quite as easy. She should live in a college town or Washington, D. C. She should cultivate those young men who wear yachting suits all summer, and who know what to do with their hats on a piazza; who are good at buckling on skates; who ask if you have heard this and that; who would just as soon act as ushers at a wedding as not; who are perfectly willing to explain the game of baseball; who are willing to introduce other fellows.

That 's all you have to do to avoid matrimony. But, in order to cinch the matter, it may be well to add a few more words of advice.

Ladies! If a man comes along who will *not* talk baseball with you; who does not know anybody, and does not want to; who does not even play bridge; who cannot even tell you who are the richest girls at the summer resort and just how rich they are; who never was an usher at a wedding and never will be—pass him the ice-pitcher! And do it quick! Then go and hide!

Men! When you see a girl who has n't got a crowd around her; who wears no scalps upon her belt; who subscribes to *The Home Lady;* who knows how to set a table for five in a cottage that cost $1,200; who can give an appropriate Hallowe'en party—— Beat it, my son! Beat it!

Hamilton Pope Galt.

PARALLELS.

MRS. WILLIS.—She was married by the same preacher who married her father forty years ago.

MRS. GILLIS.—Yes. And she has hired the same detectives to watch her husband as her mother did at that time.

ON CONDITION.

CUSTOMER.—See here! I thought you said these things would grow in any climate.

DEALER.—They will. But if you want to grow them in this climate you 've got to have a hot-house for them, of course.

RESTRAINT.

"SEEMS to me we hear very little from the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises, these days. I wonder what 's the reason?"

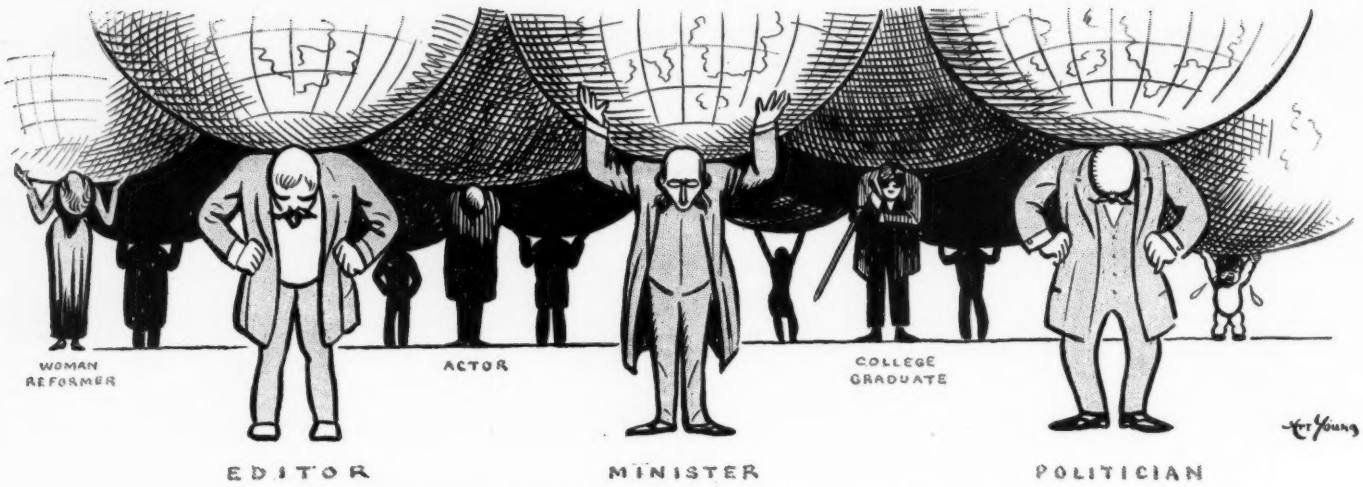
"I don't know, unless it should be that they wish to demonstrate how consistent they can be."

SEASONABLE PRECAUTION.

Banquo's ghost would not down. "Who," whispered Macbeth uneasily, "is the party in the sheet?"

But Lady Macbeth laughed at his fears. "That? Why, that 's most likely some gent who was afraid if he came to dinner in a clawhammer he 'd be mistaken for a waiter!" she rejoined lightly.

A woman is never as old as she looks thirty minutes before breakfast.



EVERYBODY THINKS HE HAS OLD MAN ATLAS'S JOB.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

THIS is the serious play that the Author wrote.

These are the comic characters that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

These are the humorous situations that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

These are the funny songs that were written to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

These are the trick scenes that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were written to pad out the funny situations that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

These are the rewritten parts that were put into burlesque form, to be in keeping with the trick scenes, that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were written to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

This is the musical setting, scored for thirty-piece orchestra, that was fitted to the rewritten parts, that were put into burlesque form to be in keeping with the trick scenes, that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were written to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

This is the large chorus of ponies and show-girls that was dragged in to popularize the musical setting, scored for thirty-piece orchestra, that was fitted to the rewritten parts, that were put into burlesque form to be in keeping with the trick scenes that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were written to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

This is the piffleized name that has been chosen as in keeping with the large chorus of ponies and show-girls that were dragged in to popularize the musical setting, scored for thirty-piece orchestra, that was fitted to the rewritten parts, that were put into burlesque form to be in keeping with the trick scenes, that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were rewritten to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

This is the signature of the disgusted Author, which is all that remains of the play as originally written, after it received the piffleized name that has been chosen as in keeping with the large chorus of ponies and show-girls that was dragged in to popularize the musical setting, scored for thirty-piece orchestra, that was fitted to the rewritten parts, that were put into burlesque form to be in keeping with the trick scenes, that were made for a background for the funny songs, that were written to pad out the humorous situations, that were provided for the comic characters, that were added by the producing manager to the serious play that the Author wrote.

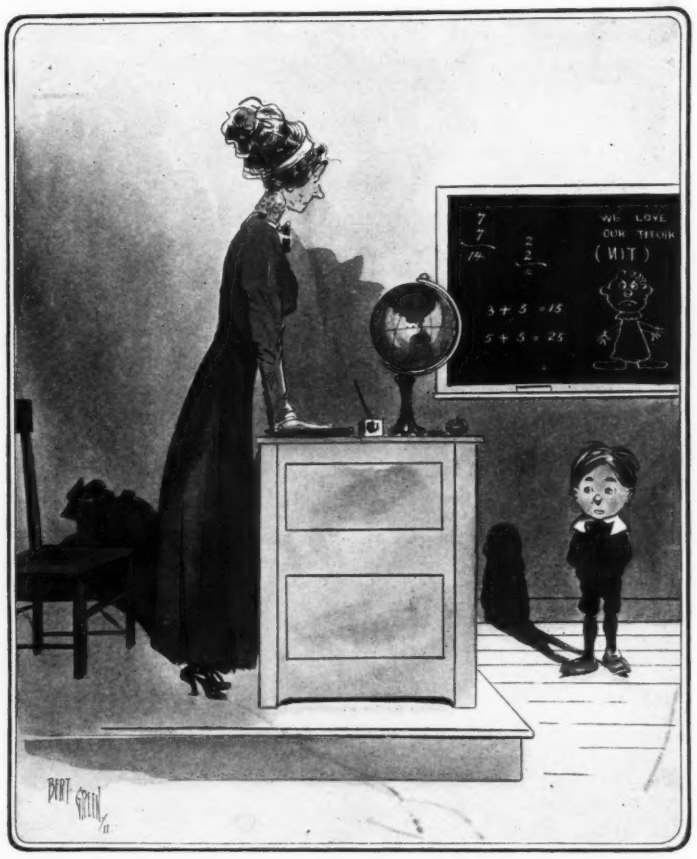
Harvey Peake.

HIS STAGE CAREER.

BEGGAR.—I, too, was once an actor, sir.

THESPIAN.—Here's a quarter. How long were you on the stage?

BEGGAR.—Oh, about thirty seconds—before I got the hook!



LOCATED IN DETAIL.

TEACHER.—Robert, where are the Rocky Mountains?

ROBERT.—In the geography, teacher; page four!

By taking time by the forelock a man will often avoid being downtrodden.

THE DIARY OF A FLIRT.

Date.....*191*.... *Name of Flirt*.....

☞ PUT A √ OPPOSITE THE ITEMS YOU WISH TO REMIND YOURSELF TO DO TO-DAY, AND FILL IN NAMES OF MEN TO BE OPERATED UPON.

	RETURN RING TO
	SMILE SWEETLY UPON
	GET MORE FACE POWDER
	GET MORE ROUGE
	WRITE LOVE-LETTER TO
	LET HOLD MY HAND
	BLACKEN EYEBROWS
	BLEACH HAIR
	PRACTICE BLUSHING
	TRY NEW WAY OF DRESSING HAIR
	BREAK APPOINTMENT WITH
	THROW A KISS TO
	MAKE EYES AT
	DROP HANDKERCHIEF IN FRONT OF
	ATTEND CLUB MEETING
	ATTEND BRIDGE PARTY
	DROP POSTAL TO
	THANK FOR FLOWERS
	LET TRY TO KISS ME
	LET CALL ME "DEAR"

TEMPERAMENT.

NERO fiddled in both schools, classical and popular, but without making any visible impression. Then he set Rome on fire.

"I 'll show 'em whether I lack temperament!" he exclaimed, resuming his instrument with a sinister air.

SOLILOQUY.

I HEAR the latest styles for men
Are clothes to match their hair;
I wonder what will happen when—
The bald man—will he DARE!!!

JOY.

HIS WIFE *(2 a.m.)*.—John, John, there is gas escaping downstairs!

JOHN *(sleepily)*. — Great! Won't the gas company be sore when they find it got away from them!

LOOKING AHEAD.

POPULAR AUTHOR.—Why don't you return my story if you don't mean to print it?

MAGAZINE EDITOR.—It is n't that, my dear sir. It 's simply that you may die some day, and it looks so well to announce something "posthumous."

SPEAKING of the process of becoming engaged, the man is by no means the fool he acts like, or the woman the fool she feels like, but something of the sort seems to be necessary in order to induce them to rush in where angels fear to tread.

BACK TO THE LAND.

NUMBER SEVEN.

NATURALLY Fatima was somewhat startled, on opening the door of the forbidden chamber, but not too startled to count the headless wives she saw before her.

"There seem to be exactly six of them!" she observed. An idea struck her. She clapped her hands. "Now I understand," she cried gleefully, "what Bluebeard meant in saying that he was raised, by our nuptials, to the seventh heaven of bliss!"

HARDER, STILL.

LANDLADY *(smilingly)*.—Are you aware that you slept in a real mahogany bed last night, Mr. Howells?

HOWELLS *(meanly)*.—Was *that* what it was? It felt like lignum vitæ!

PASSING STRANGE.

SPORTING EDITOR *(after visitor departs)*.—Notice that chap, Bill? Well, he 's positively unique in his line.

CITY EDITOR.—Manager of pugilists, is n't he?

SPORTING EDITOR.—Sure! He 's got a string of six on his staff at present, but he never even hinted that one of them was the White Man's Hope!

LAST Wednesday evening quite a company of his friends and well-wishers assembled at the commodious residence of the Hon. John R. Bosanko, among whom were Colonel Lash, Judge Ramsbottom, P. I. Sooysmith, and others, which proved to be a most enjoyable occasion, and one which for excellence was unsurpassed. The Honorable was at his best, and was seconded by his accomplished daughter in a most exceptional manner, and his well-chosen words were greeted with the heartiest acclaim. Needless to say, all departed feeling that it had indeed been good to be there.

Later: Upon scanning the above we find it a trifle involved, due possibly to the fact that, just as we were beginning to pen the lines, our worthy friend, Tobe Sagg, appeared on the scene with the news of a fight at the revival meeting out his way upon the previous night, and a jug of cider, most excellent in flavor and not too new, which, beforehand and as we wrote, we sampled from time to time, finding it more satisfactory upon each occasion.

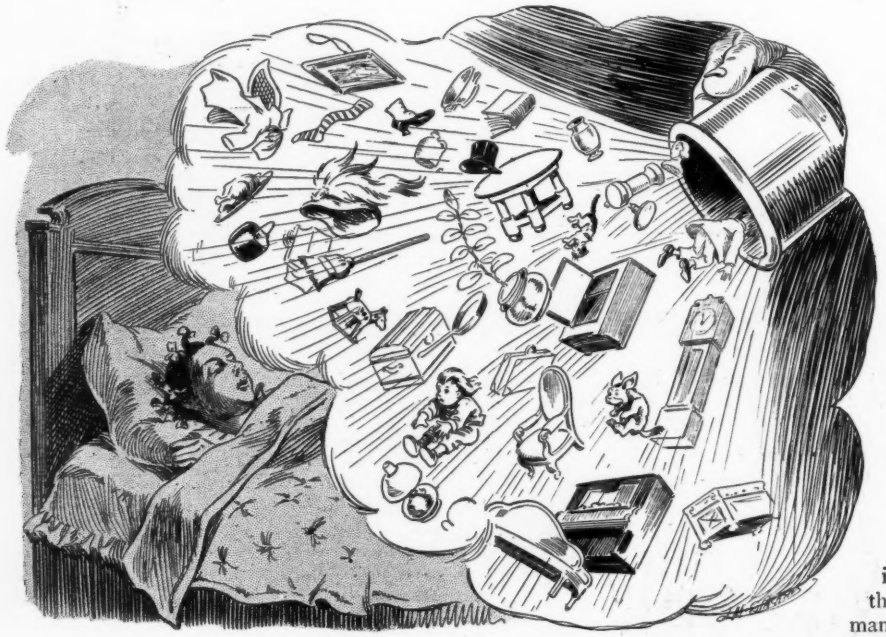
What we wished to convey was that the Honorable stated that while he had seldom had the pleasure of addressing a more intelligent gathering, he believed with the ancient Spartans that when the public weal calls a citizen, no matter how humble, he should stand forth and do his whole duty, let the chips fall where they happened to, and so he would, at the earnest solicitation of his many friends, consent to again be a candidate for the Legislature.

We failed to secure any details of the above-mentioned fight, but understood from Tobe's remarks that it was a right lively function, an enjoyable time being had by all.

Tom P. Morgan.

DURING THE AIRSHIP RACE.

NEARSIGHTED DEACON.—Durn it! That new preacher 'll bankrupt the congregation yet! There 's a new weather-vane we 'll have to pay for!



TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM.

SHE HAD SPENT THE DAY HOUSE-CLEANING WITH A VACUUM CLEANER.

BOTH ARMS.

IN THE midst of a wintry wood a traveler in a sledge fled before a pack of famished wolves.

As soon as he could feel their hot breath on his cheek he muttered: "It is time!" drew his sword, struck off his left arm, and threw it to the howling, hungry beasts.

But only to gain thereby a temporary respite. In a few moments they were upon him once more, whereat he drew his sword a second time, struck off his right arm, and threw that out likewise.

The wolves halted in amazement. And before they could reflect that a number of things are possible in the romantic school of literature, the clever traveler had made good his escape.

DAMNING EVIDENCE.

IT was too much — she would leave him, she averred, even though he were a thousand times her husband.

"Very well!" he replied with cold formality. "Here, then, are the pieces of your mind which you have given me from time to time."

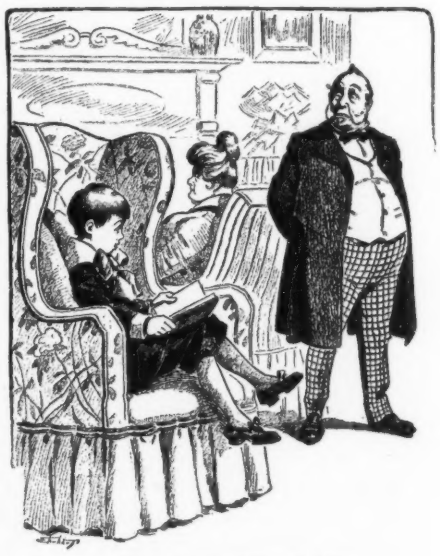
She glanced over the lot and burst into tears.

"One of them is n't mine! Oh, the faithlessness of man!" she sobbed, being more than ever confirmed in her resolution.

HAPPY FAMILY.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON *(in the midst of her reading)*.—Here is an account of a woman turning on the gas while her husband was asleep and asphyxiating him!

MR. SCRAPPINGTON. — Very considerate of her, I 'm sure! *Some* wives wake their husbands up, and then talk them to death.



CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

"Pop, did God make everything and everybody?"

"Certainly, my boy."

"It 's queer; you are always saying that you are a self-made man."

Although time is money, and money talks, you will soon find that there is no money in spending your time talking.

SPRINGTIME REVISION.

A SHOE on the foot is worth two in the slush.
Mud is thicker than water.
Every puddle has its bottom.
A shallow puddle is soon sounded.
Faint heart never won fine umbrellas.
He is a wise man who knows his own umbrellas.
It is a long lending that has no returning.
A fool and his umbrellas are soon parted.
A man is known by the umbrellas he sneaks.
A mud-puddle by any other name would do the trick.

TEA AT FIVE.

CANDLES on pink-petaled globes,
Daffodils sheathed all in green
"Buds" in bewildering robes,
Dainty, demure, and serene,—
Think when they ask me to come
Teas are for women—a bore;—
But here's a comforting crumb—
Lilith is certain to pour!

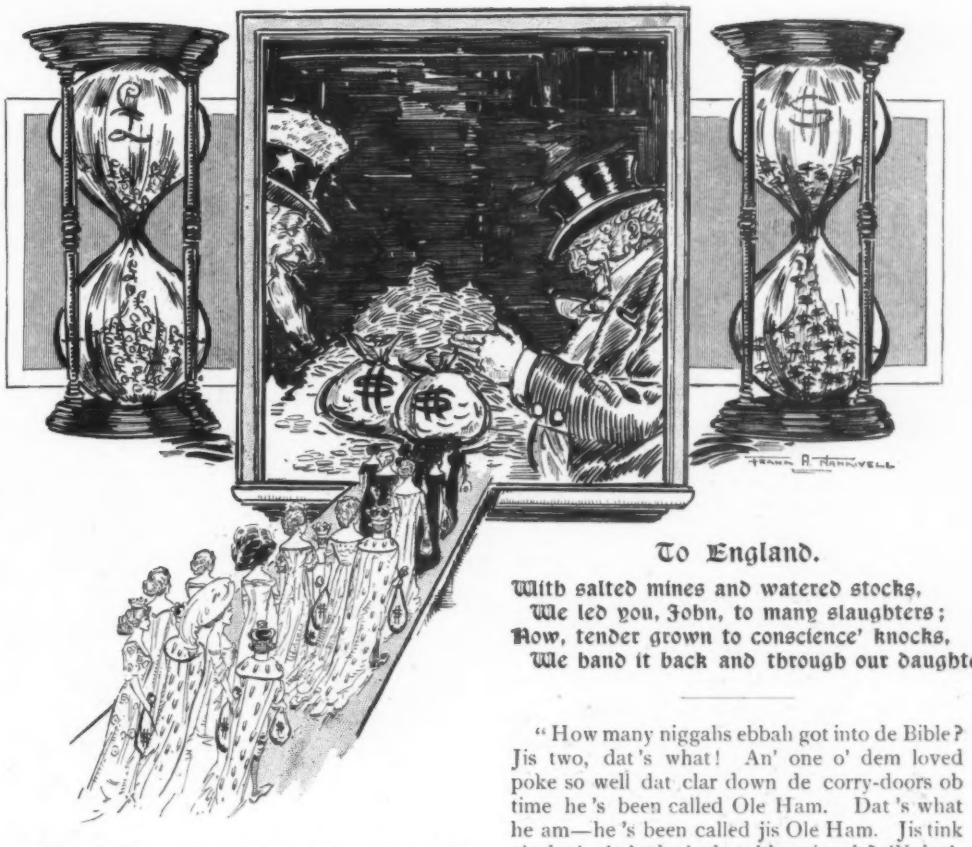
Lilith in flower-like guise,
Putting the daffies to shame;
Smiling in friendliest wise,
Saying: "So glad that you came!"
Likewise bestowing her smiles
On men, and more men, for these
Flock where sweet Lilith beguiles—
Even to afternoon teas!

Five—and I haste to depart,—
So do the others galore,
Saying each one in his heart:
"Lilith is certain to pour."
But, at disquieting whiles,
I know, (I wonder do these?)
Little Miladi of Smiles—
You are the afternoon tease!

Grace Stone Field.

HOW TO FLOAT A CORPORATION.

TO AN organized clique of capitalists add a given quantity of elaborately engraved bonds, certificates of stock, and incorporation papers, sufficiently diluted with water, and supplement with a brisk dash of clever advertising.



Disseminate and dissolve advertising thoroughly, and sift in a popular quantity of unshorn small investors. Add more water, stir vigorously, and strain through the fine sieve of manipulation and suspension of dividends to eliminate the now undesirable, panic-stricken small investors. Set them aside to cool, and to the residue of capitalists, water, and what remains of legitimate stock, add monopoly and favorable legislation, flavor with defiance, and the corporation is ready to serve.

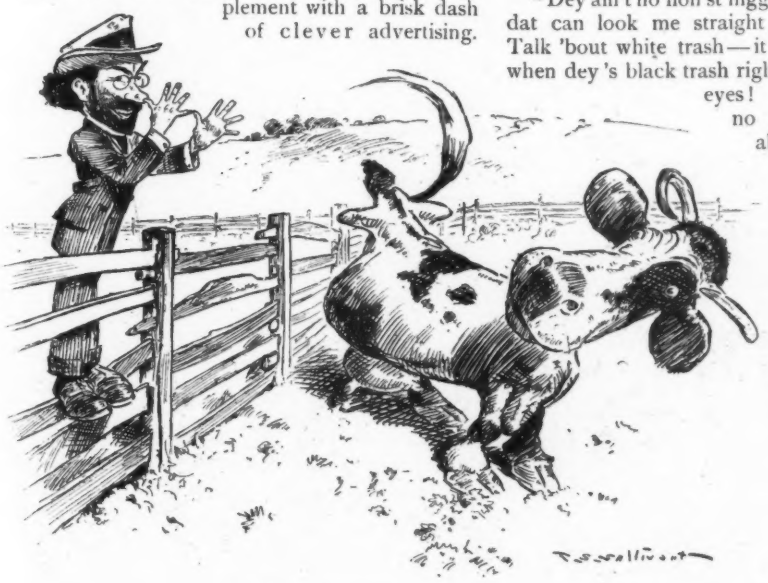
FLESH-POTS.

DEACON HARDSCRABBLE had earnestly exhorted the colored brethren for a liberal collection. When the elders handed him the hats they contained just twenty-three cents. The deacon squared himself before the stand, and this is what he said:

"Dey ain't no hon'st niggah in dis house dat can look me straight in de face. Talk 'bout white trash—it's nowhar when dey's black trash right 'fo' yo' eyes! Yo' hab no thoughts above yo' bailleys. Yo' doan tink ob nothin' but yo' bailleys. De white man he doan jis go 'roun' tinkin' ob his bailley all de time. He gibs lots o' money an' tings to his Lo'd. Yo' spen' all yo's jis fo' eatin'. Dat's de reason yo' ain't fit fo' nothin' but de white man's cook, yo' low-lived niggahs, an' it's 'hewahs ob wood an' drawahs ob wattah' dat yo' 'll be bof hyah an' hyahafteh.

"How many niggahs ebbah got into de Bible? Jis two, dat's what! An' one o' dem loved poke so well dat clar down de corry-doors ob time he's been called Ole Ham. Dat's what he am—he's been called jis Ole Ham. Jis tink ob dat! An' who's de udder niggah? 'Y, he's Esaw, dat's who he am. An' what did he do? 'Y, he sole his right to hab chillun—sole his right to hab chillun fo' a pot ob message—dat's what he done!

"An' now, while we sing an-uddah hymn, the eldahs will paise de hait agin."



THE PUZZLED COW.

SINGULAR BEHAVIOR OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN SIX MONTHS ON A MILK DIET.

To England.

With salted mines and watered stocks,
We led you, John, to many slaughters;
Now, tender grown to conscience' knocks,
We hand it back and through our daughters.

HOME TRAINING.

MOTHER.—Robert, come here to me instantly!
ROBERT.—Aw, shut up!
MOTHER.—Robert, how *dare* you talk to me like that! Say: "Mamma, be quiet."

UNSAFE.

WARDEN.—So you moved No. 128. What's the matter? He seemed to be very quiet and docile.

ASSISTANT.—I was afraid he'd tear the jail down. You see, I learned that he was graduated in the same college class as No. 129 and that they were planning a reunion for to-night.

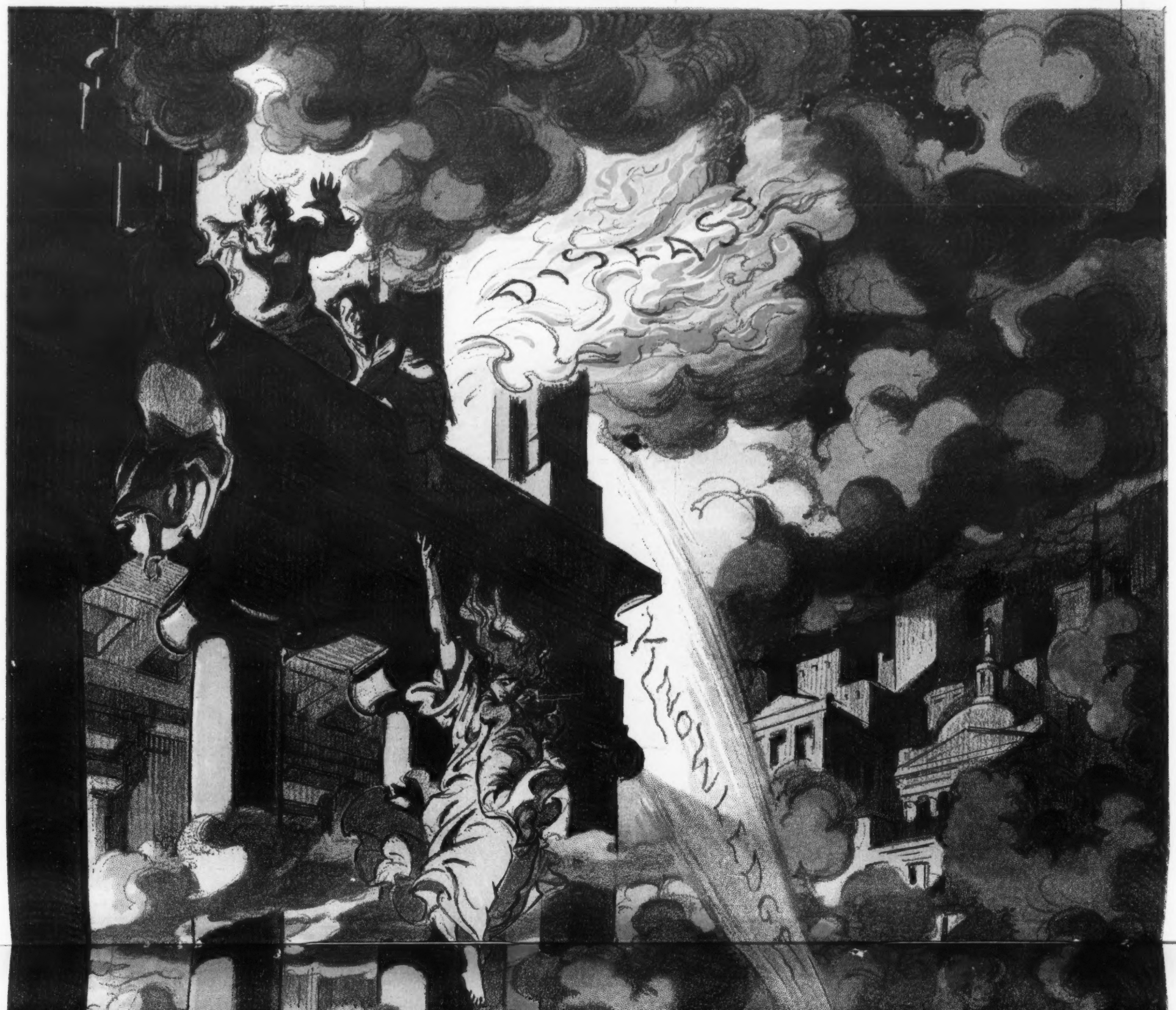
THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

MY Mary has a lightsome step,
And I'd tread lightly, too,
If I had forced a size-four foot
Into a size-three shoe!

THE PUCK PRESS

"AWAY WITH THAT LIFE-NET!"

THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS TO THE FIRE-FIGHTING DOCTORS.


DISEASE
INNOVATION

THE MOST DREADED DREADNOUGHT.

WEEK BEGINNING MARCH TWENTIETH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. "The Confession." Evenings 8:15. A modern religious drama.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings at 8. A musical novelty in nine pictures.

Casino, Bway and 39th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical panorama in three acts.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York with Nevada.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Thaïs." Evenings 8:15. A dramatization from the opera of "Thaïs."

Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.

Empire, Bway and 40th. William Gillette in "Secret Service." Evenings 8:15. A drama of the Civil War.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections.

Garden, 27th and Madison Ave. Mildred Holland in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

George M. Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.

Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8:20. A typical musical mixture.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. George Evans and his "Honey Boys." Evenings 8:15. An up-to-date minstrel show.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy of matrimonial mix-ups.

Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.

Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Nat Wills, Belle Blanche, and Emma Dunn. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Maude Adams in "Chantecler." Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Becky Sharp." Evenings 8:15. Langdon Mitchell's dramatization.

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy founded on "La Satyre."

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper." Evenings 8:30.

New York, Bway and 45th. Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter," with Edna Wallace Hopper. Evenings 8:15. A rollicking musical race over three hurdles.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin

Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hajós, and others. Daily Matinee. Evenings 8:15. Continental idea of vaudeville.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John M'Closkey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

IN THE WILD, WILD WEST.

STRANGER *(at Frozen Dog Tavern)*.—Queer thing, Wild-Eyed Pete shooting himself. Suicide, was n't it?

BARKEEPER.—Suicide nuthin'. Wild-Eyed Pete caught hisself cheatin' in a game of patience, thet 's all.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

PATIENT.—Doctor, I 'm having an awful lot of trouble with the gas in my stomach.

DOCTOR.—Yes, yes, I know. Those old-fashioned fixtures are giving people a lot of trouble this fall. Just step into the next room, and I 'll have my engineer wire you for electric lights.

THE SIZE OF IT.

"PAPA, what is meant by 'the New England conscience'?"

"It is the bug, my son, which causes its possessors to abhor the idea of permitting other people to have what they want."

EVER NOTICE?

ASSISTANT.—Here 's an article on how New York will look in 1950. What can we use to illustrate it?

EDITOR.—Get that file of magazines over there for 1850, and cut out the picture of how New York was to look in 1910.

WONDERFUL KINDNESS.

HATTERAS.—Is Ghivers good pay?

HANCHETT.—Good pay? Why once, when his assets were twice as much as his liabilities, he went into bankruptcy, so his creditors would get two hundred cents on the dollar.

TOWN POLITICS.

"Well, who got the nomination—the chap who looked like Daniel Webster?"

"No. The feller that looked like ready money."

"SEE AMERICA FIRST,"

AND THIS SPOOK WON'T HAUNT YOU ON YOUR TRAVELS.

If it be true that one's sins return to plague him, perhaps we should be thankful that one's sins are reputed always to find one out.

THE LATEST IN BLUFFS.

DRUG-CLERK.—Perfumery? Yes, ma'am. How would you like our Bouquet de Gasolene, which will give every one the impression that you own an automobile?

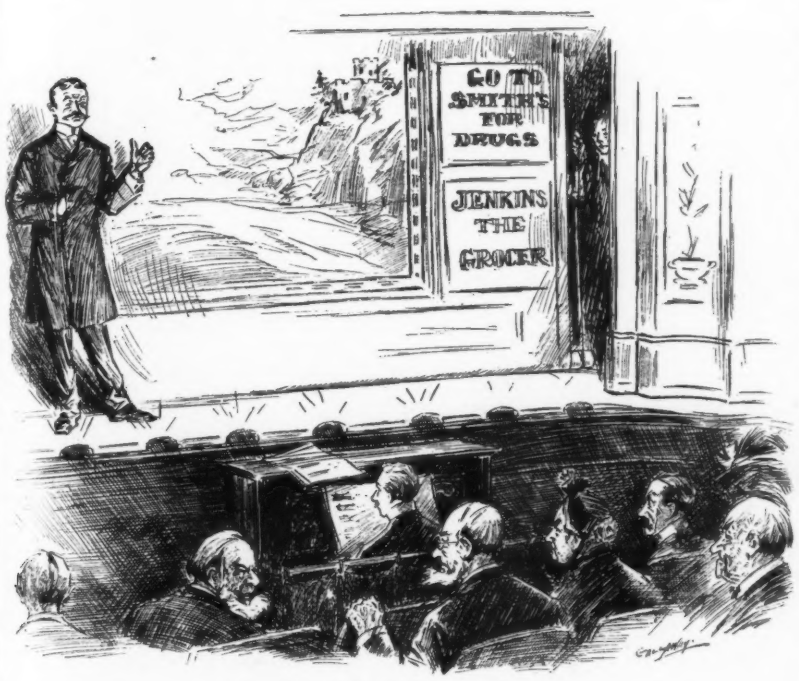
CUSTOMER.—Oh, that 's an old one. Have n't you any cologne that smells like an airship?

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

LISTENING without, the beautiful girl's father could hear the smitten swain sighing exactly like a furnace.

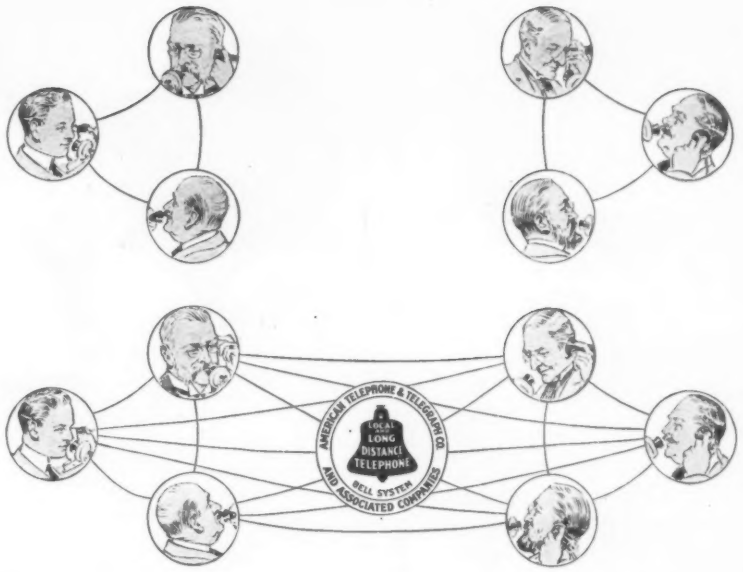
"However, he probably eats a good deal less coal!" chuckled the old man philosophically.

For though he needs must look forward to having both the young people to support, he could do so optimistically.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

"Ladies and gentlemen," appealingly began the village handy-man, advancing to the front of the stage and addressing the few patient persons who remained of the audience which had assembled to witness the beautiful pastoral drama, *The Mad Miller's Daughter*, written by the hamlet's accomplished authoress and presented by home-talent performers. "I am requested by the members of the company to ask you to remain until the end of the play. In the next act, which I solemnly assure you is the last, the villain gets his due and is slain without mercy, and we want witnesses."



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A SUGGESTIVE TITLE.

HE.—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and maiden are in a tender attitude.

SHE.—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?

HE *(looking about)*.—Oh, I see. It's written on a card at the bottom—"Sold."—*Lippincott's.*

OSTEND.—Pa, who are the Suffragettes?

PA.—Those London women who think they ought to have a vote, my son.

OSTEND.—And what are their husbands doing?

PA.—Oh, they are the sufferers.—*Chicago News.*

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A SAD CASE.

PHILANTHROPIC OLD LADY.—But I gave you sixpence yesterday on condition that you were not to spend it in drink, and I can distinctly smell liquor on you.

DEADHOUSE DAN.—Lady, I am the victim of cruel circumstances. I found a bottle containin' wot appeared ter me heye ter be worter. Wot was my 'orrer, lady, to find arter drinkin' of it all, that it were whisky!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

CENSURE AND CURIOSITY.

"Mr. Johnson," says Mr. Miggles, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but that story you started to tell at my house last night was one no gentleman of refinement would have told in mixed company. I feel that it is my duty to express my disapproval of such conduct."

"I'm quite sorry," says Mr. Johnson. "I should have thought before beginning it. Halfway through I realized what I was telling, and, you remember, I did my best to end the thing at once."

"Yes, I noticed it fell pretty flat, and everybody could see that you were terribly ashamed. Er—how does the story finish, Johnson?"—*Chicago Post.*

PROFITABLE.

DIGGS.—I understand that you encourage your son to practise on the cornet?

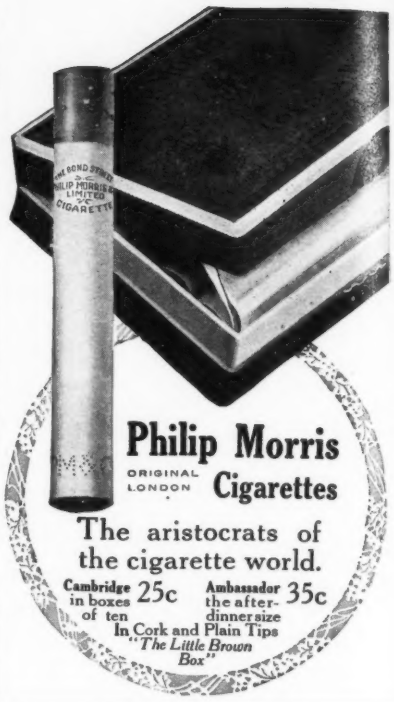
GRIGGS.—Yes. He's only been playing two months, but to-day I bought the house next door to me for half its value.—*Tit-Bits.*

INTERRUPTED GROWTH.

THE FAIR PURCHASER.—Your eggs are all very small to-day, Mr. Jones.

MR. JONES.—Yes'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason.

THE FAIR PURCHASER.—Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon.—*Sketch.*



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RECRUIT.—Your relations.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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EMERALD LAKE FROM HOTEL PIAZZA.

GIRLS' INHUMANITY TO GIRLS.

MAUD.—Did you notice how close Mr. Ryter's face was to May Blume's last night?

ETHEL.—Perhaps he was in search of local color.—*Boston Transcript.*

FORMER Director of Public Safety, Matthew B. Excell was sitting beside a man the other day who was talking about the hardships of his boyhood days. Mr. Excell had twice bought the cigars, and was waiting for his companion to make some suggestion along the same lines, when his friend remarked:

"Yes, Matt, old boy, I can recall the first nickel I ever made."

"Indeed!" replied Excell. "May I see it, please?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

OF COURSE NOT, BUT——

President X. of the Y. Insurance Company came home the other night, slapped his hat on the table, did a double shuffle, and cried to his wife:

"My dear, our fortune 's made! That piece of insurance legislation has at last been passed!"

"Honestly!" exclaimed his wife, overjoyed.

X. frowned.

"What 's that got to do with it?" he growled.—*New York Tribune.*

SOPHOMORE.—Wonder what makes the telegraph lines hum?

SENIOR.—I 've wired dad for dough, and I guess he 's talking back.—*Chicago Journal.*

NEW YORK'S GREAT PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

One of the greatest works of modern times was the construction of the concrete-lined steel tubes under the Hudson and East Rivers, the tunneling of Manhattan Island, and the erection of the magnificent Pennsylvania Station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Second Street, New York, bringing the through trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad into the heart of New York City.

An illustrated booklet describing this great work, and telling what it means to the New York passenger, has been issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad and will be sent postpaid to any address by George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Send for it.

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I.

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IN 1888 Mark Twain received from Yale College the degree of master of arts, and the same college made him a doctor of literature in 1901. A year later the university of his own State, at Columbia, Mo., conferred the same degree, and then, in 1907, came the crowning honor, when venerable Oxford tendered him the doctor's robe.

"I don't know why they should give me a degree like that," he said, quaintly. "I never doctored any literature: I wouldn't know how."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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TRY IT!

Puck

DIVERSE TACTICS.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."—*Harper's Monthly.*

"Funny thing about love, isn't it?"

"What's funny?"

"If a man offers it, and a girl wants it, she always returns it."—*London Opinion.*

HE.—The sparking-plug's gone to blazes!

SHE.—Never mind, dear. It won't show, will it?—*Tatler.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

Milo

The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

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THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

HOME-MADE CUSHION.

"I hardly knew your father to-day," said the district visitor pleasantly to the little girl. "He's cut his beard off again. That's three times since a year ago."

The little girl explained: "It ain't favver done it. Favver likes his beard on. But muvver's stuffin' the sofa."—*London Chronicle.*

II. —*Fliegende Blätter.*

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"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

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LITTLE WIFE. — Grandad, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement-ring?

GRANDFATHER. — The woman. — *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

ALWAYS put off to-night what you are going to put on in the morning.—*Princeton Tiger.*

New Rupture Cure

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.

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A FEAR DISPELLED.

THE PARSON.—And so, Donald, it's been touch-and-go with you this time. Ten stories is a long way to fall. I suppose thoughts of your past life passed hurriedly through your mind?

DONALD *(the local window-cleaner).*—Well, sir, I was a bit worried till I got the length o' the fifth story, and then I minded that I'd left my pipe on the window-sill. It was a weight off my mind, sir.—*M. A. P.*

A DOMESTIC SERIAL.

MRS. LITTLETOWN.—This magazine looks rather the worse for wear.

MRS. NEARTOWN.—Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays.

MRS. LITTLETOWN.—Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?

MRS. NEARTOWN.—Oh no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant.—*Suburban Life.*

"I SEE the health board is after spitters," said one workman to another.

"Then," said his neighbor, "how's a feller goin" to git a grip on his shovel?"—*Washington Star.*

MRS. GNAGGS.—I'll never forget the night you proposed to me. You acted like a perfect fool.

MR. GNAGGS.—That was n't acting.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Well, Mr. Smith, I'm pleased to see you at our humble board for the first time. Now, is there any particular cut you fancy?

PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW.—Oh—no—thank you. I think——

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.—Dad, aren't you going to ask Cissie? You know what a shindy she kicks up if she does n't get first pick!—*London Opinion.*

"A GOOD wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration, and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is——"

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly, solemnly, "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"—*Truth.*

PERHAPS in time the Society of the Daughters of Brigham Young will be organized.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

LADY.—I must ask you to take back that parrot I bought some time ago. He shocks all my friends by his dreadful language.

FANCIER.—Ah, you've got to be careful 'ow you talk before *'im.* 'E's terrible quick to learn!—*London Opinion.*

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EXPERT OPINION.

THE ANGLER.—Is this public water for fishing?

THE NATIVE.—Oh, aye!

THE ANGLER.—Then it won't be a crime to land a fish?

THE NATIVE.—No; it 'ud be a blooming miracle!—*The Tatler.*

Caroni Bitters—Unequalled for flavoring Sliced Fruits, Ices & Jellies. Sample on receipt of 25 cents. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

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Love-Lorn Lyrics of a Lonesome Lad

Wherein he Meets a Lady of Much Erudition and Culture

YOU may take it from me if you wish,
  Or you need n't unless you desire,
That men are a queer sort of fish
  Who never know what they require.
How often I've valiantly said
  That beauty is goodly to see,
But a girl with some brains in her head
  Is the kind of a fairy for me?

Well, I met with a girl of the kind,
  She was rather a stunner at that,
She surely was *there* with the mind,—
  I did n't know where I was at;
For she talked of the Ego of Soul,
  Of Schopenhauer, Nietsche, and such
Of the Superman seeking his Goal—
  I did n't get hep to it—much.

So, though I will stoutly maintain
  That mind is a thing that I like,
This dame was *too* strong on the brain,—
  I felt a great longing to hike.
I fled at my earliest chance,
  Bewildered and humbled and dumb,—
It 's great to see women advance,
  But I 'd hate to keep even with some.

Berton Braley.